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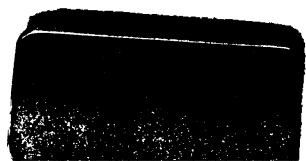
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*Inauguration of president Watterson
; Gormanius, or, The battle of ...*

Thomas Cooper De Leon

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INAUGURATION

OF



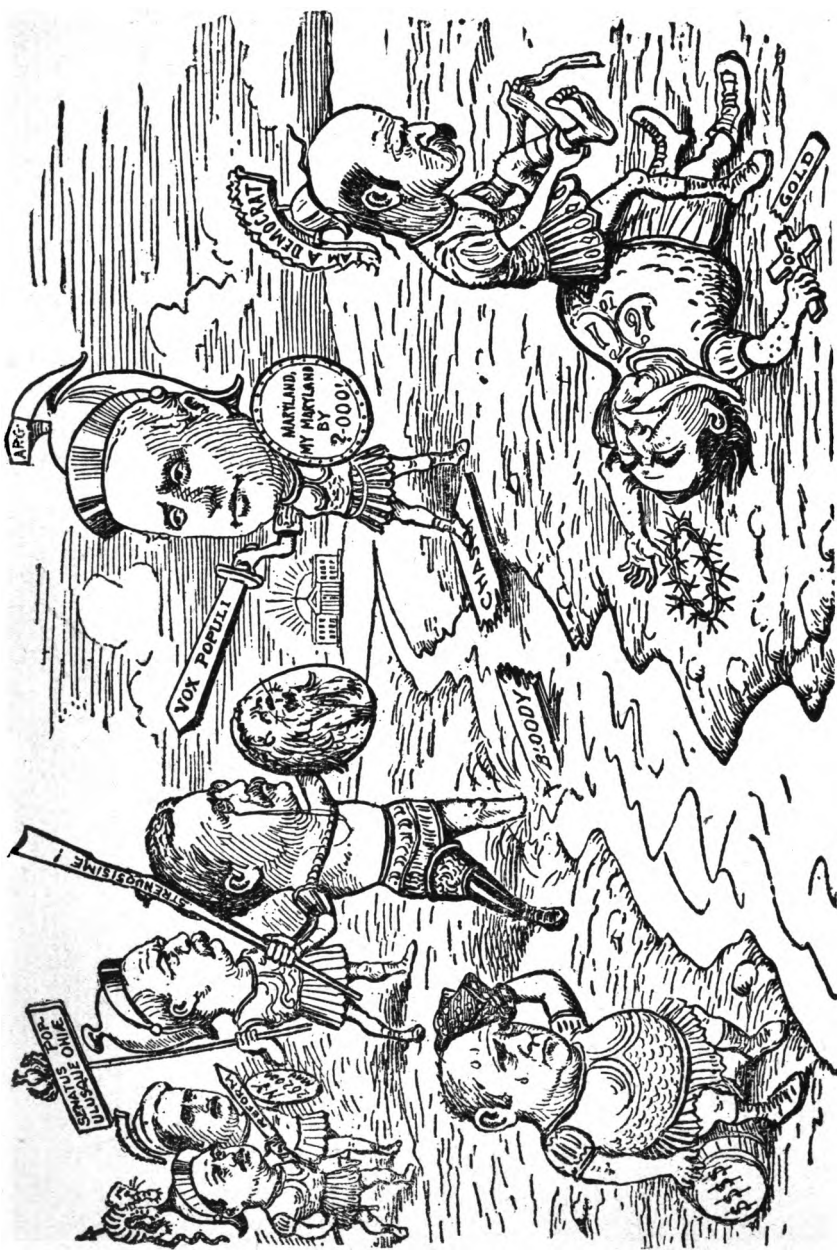
"The Star-Eyed Goddess will *smile* suh!" (Page 44.)

PRESIDENT WATTERSON.
AND OTHER NONSENSE.

Marlin

Scarce

Theodore Roosevelt



The good blade went—its force misspent—Three feet above his head! (Page 15.)

INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT WATTERSON.

GORMANIUS; OR, THE BATTLE OF REPS-DEMOS;

THE TEMPLE OF TRUSTS, HONESTY AND VENALITY,
AND OTHER TRAVESTIES.

BY T. C. DE LEON,

*Author of "The Rock or the Rye," "Hamlet, Ye Dismal Prince,"
"Schooners that Bump on the Bar," etc.*

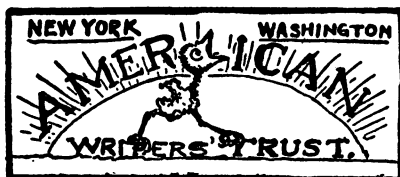
WITH NINE FULL PAGE CARTOONS, AFTER THE AUTHOR'S DESIGNS, BY CLIFF
BERRYMAN, OF THE WASHINGTON "POST"—AND OTHERS.

"Quid vetat ridentem dicere verum?"—HORACE.

"A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the best of men!"—HUDIBRAS.

"And you found my political plate armor quite invulnerable?"

St. Mark: 1. Sess; LVI. Cong.



1902

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BY

T. C. DE LEON.

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TO
MY COUNTRYMEN,
WHO HAVE TIME TO INSERT A THOUGHT, OR A
LAUGH, BETWEEN THE CHINKS OF BUSI-
NESS, POLITICS, OR PLEASURE,
THIS SKIT
IS DEDICATED.



The Veteran Lobbyist placed his finger gently beside his Nose. (Page 22.)

ANTICIPATORY 4-WORD.

The Great Work never needs a preface: the little *brochure* always does—to add more pages and make it seen, to the innocent, more like a Great Work.

The reasons why this booklet was written were many and varied. The first and last were to sell as many copies as possible. The middle reason was to please myself. The better the first and last are fulfilled, the nearer the middle one will be.

A noble and cultured friend of the author once said: "I write for God; not for gold!" I fear mine is ignobility of soul for, soon after, I sent him these over-true lines:

"Yawp me a yawp," the Editor wrote,
And the Poet yawped wild in his glee;
Each line, *he* believed, worth a \$10 note,
But they sent him instead 15c!
"Twasn't written for God!" mused the poor Poet's
phlegm,
Like some Epics, of which I have heard:
It isn't exactly Paté and Yquem,
But one Oyster lurks under each word!"

When I wrote this time, I *had* visions of Paté—and perhaps of Yquem—the subject invited both. I pray those dreams be not exorcised by the cold charity of a reading world!

The Great Duty of a preface is to tell the reader what the book is about; thus preventing his buying it, after he has discovered that much at the counter. If this book be about anything at all, the reader will have to find it out.

But it is about a great number of People; many of

whom, doubtless, are finer men than the author, with their left hands tied behind their backs. Alas! should *that* keep their Right hands out of their pockets!

That they are all Great Men is the reason I chose them. Burlesque is as certain as Death, for choosing a shining mark: as the *Pure King* told his semi-detached *Guinevere*:

And drawing foul ensample from fair names!

If this four-word has told the reader nothing, so far, it *will* right here. The price of this book is that of any two of the National Drinks, when drawn to pairs. It is meant to be far more tonic, less stimulating, and equally as invigorating as any five Great American drinks, if drawn by threes, or taken to a Full.

This may shock my friend who "writes for God," but it, also, is contemporaneous with my story. Further, I was reared in Washington, in days when all M. C.'s knew the other great National Game—Draw! This was in the last century. In this one, it is said, most of them do not understand it; and those who do, rejoice.

Let none expect any Politics in this book. I know nothing about Politics. Nobody does; except perhaps, Senator Hanna and Hon. Tim Woodruff; and they do not know It the same way. Possibly that is the reason I wrote. Most people, who write about Politics, know as much about It as I do.

Now I leave the reader to find out *what* the thing is about, and to hurry up that Paté and Yquem.

Washington City, January, 1902.

GORMANIUS;

or

The Battle of Reps.-Demos.

A LAY WRITTEN ABOUT THE YEAR OF THE CAPITAL
CITY, MDCCCCIV.

FOREACUS, of Ohia,
By Hamiltonia swore
That the proud House of Hannus
Should boss the State no more!
By the Thirteen Votes he swore it,
And named Ros-Vult straightway:
And bade the telegrams tick forth,
To East and West (*not* South) and North,
And give the thing away!

East and West (*not* South) and North,
The lightning sped the word;
And city, town and hamlet
The Ros-Vult blast have heard.
Shame on the false Ohioan
Who halts from pique, or fear,
When He of Santiago
Is marching for The Chair!

And lo! old Europe's pocket-nerve
Thrills to the tickling straw
Of inter-nationality,
In this new game of draw:
All Pan-America's ablaze—
The "New Possessions" shout;
And Canada raps at the door
That Luzon can't—get out!

Our own young land of Football,
World's-fairs, and hippodromes,
To swell Fate's army surely will
Depopulate its homes.

From far off lonely mountain,
O'er crag and forest hoar,
The Eaglet's voice bids man rejoice,
The Lion cubs loud roar!

But by the thick Potomac,
Was tumult and affright:
All, for the coming campaign,
To Washington took flight:
In hotels of that City,
And bars, they blocked the ways;
Sooth! 'twas a gruesome sight to see,
Through wet nights and damp days!

Now, from the Shaft of Georgius,
Could interviewers spy
Red lines of blazing headlines
Glare on the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City
They sat both night and day,
In case some thing on them might drop—
That is their usual way.

I wis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so frayed
But sore it ached, and weaker beat
When that trump lead was played.
Forthwith uprose Floor Leaders,
Uprose the Fathers all,
And bracers took.—Ambitious Youth
Might crowd Age to the wall!

They held two hasty caucuses
Out on the Eastern Gate;
Scant time was now for Courtesy,
Or forty hours' debate.
Spake the Vice Consul sadly:
"Let Precedent go down!
For since our Privilege is lost,
Naught else can save our crown!"

Just then a page came flying—
His hair upraised his hat:
"Great Scott! Some want, Sir Leaders,
A Southern Democrat!"



Courtesy of the Washington Post.

"Ther's a lot mo' out Wes', that's always votin' agin reason
an' sense, jes' to be doin'." (Page 31.)

On that cute move out Westward
 One leader fixed his eye,
 And saw the strenuous Lion Lord
 Ride reckless 'cross the sky!

And worse yet, and more of it,
 Doth the mad whirlwind come;
 And loud and shrill, and yet more loud,
 From all the politician crowd,
 Is heard the burst of boomlet proud—
 The nominating *hum*!
 And, low at first, then plainly,
 Through all the talk come jeers,
 Far from the South and far from North,
 In much-mixed terms of right and worth—
 Of such, alack! there's ne'er a dearth—
 Of names quite dead, for years!

And worse far, and more of it,
 Above that wavering line,
 No eye could see the ballots
 Of thirty states combine.
 But the ballot of proud York State
 Discounted most of them—
 The hope of the Republican—
 The terror of the Dem!

Fast by the Ros-Vult standard,
 Bossing the booming war,
 Foreacus of Ohia
 Rode in his *Auto-car*.
 By the right wheel rode tall Lodgius,
 Prince of the old Bay State;
 And near the left, Markannus,
 At fry and council great.

There be thirteen chosen Profits—
 The Pick of Coxzus' band,
 Who *sometimes* for Foreacus,
 In house and senate stand:
 Evening and morn, the Thirteen
 Have turned the voters o'er—
 Forced in the fight
 By ward-boss might,
 And mighty sore, be sure.

And Cozzus? Stars! *What* son of Mars
 Bellona's young to throttle!
 Who tips his helm and sets up bars
 Between th' senatorial jars,
 To wean them on the—bottle!
 Red comet shot across the sky,
 With ward-wave tail of tout and tough,
 But sense and cash and nerve enough
 For Sin-Sin-sin-nati.

And Coldsat fierce strove hot to pierce
 The close-knit ranks, in vain,
 With fiery craft for needless Taft,
 At which the press all jeered and laughed,
 From windy Chicago.
 Smitus Emori quick drew out
 From war's turmoil and stress,
 To seek repose 'neath thornless rose—
 That all men know perennial grows,
 Remote from battle's *Press*.

But now a stalwart form they see:
 Forth bold Odello stands;
 Behind him those Pretorian bands—
 Whose spears the Boss' need demands—
 He leads from Albany.
 And Lowus shakes that "Reform" blade
 That smote Vice as a flail—
 Hacked sore the gory Tiger's tail
 And pierced tough Tammany!

Lo! the lank Lord of Bossus
 Rides Easy through the war;
 Nor dreams of loot—his pure White Suit
 Of mail gleams from afar.
 To him all talk for place seems rude—
 A little Low. And for Odell,
 The bare suggestion raises—Well,
 Such themes are Platt-*etude*.

But when the false Sixteenus
 Came creeping 'twixt the foes,
 A shout that split their army up
 From all stout Dems. arose:

In the cities was no banker
 But that wild ratio hissed—
 No little rural tradesman
 But closed his grimy fist!

Then outspoke brave Gormanius,
 The Captain of his State:
 "To every man in politics,
 Defeat comes soon or late.
 And how can Dems. die better
 Than facing Reps. at odds,
 For the Fathers of the Party
 And their Constitution Gods!

"Don't cross the bridge, Sir Leader,
 Till come to it you may.
 I, with two fit to help me,
 'Gainst the foes will make one play.
 In the straight path, a winner
 May lose his luck, you see:
 Now, who'll step up and take a hand,
 And play at Bridge with me?"

Then outspoke the keen Davillus—
 Unterrified was he:
 "I *am*—that's flat—A Democrat!
 I'll play at Bridge for thee!"
 And Bilius Brinus *spoke out*—
 Last Sixteenoner he:
 "I e'er abide on the Left side:
 I'll hold the bag for thee!"

"Gormanius," groaned the Leader,
 "As thou say'st, it so must be!"
 And up against the Rep. array
 Went that strange-mated three.
 For Democrats in quarrel
 Spare neither kith nor kin;
 Kilkenny-catting seems the rule,
 In the scrappy days we're in!

Now Democrat to Democrat's
 More hateful than a foe;
 And office hunters beard the high
 And Bosses drive the low

And while we're hot in faction,
To Party we grow cold;
Wherefore men vote not as they did
In the winning days of old!

Then, none were for the party,
But all were for the slate:
Now the rich men help the richer,
And let the poor men wait.
Then the pap was fairly portioned,
And the spoils were served out cold;
And the leaders fought like munk. and cat,
In the brave, good days of old!

Meanwhile the solid Rep. array—
Solid as home-made cheese—
Came, rank as rank can be, mayhap
And ready each full till to tap,
Its weapons fresh to grease:
Tried pickets out, all meshes spread;
Under one long, sagacious head—
Against the mismatched Three.

Davillus smote Odello;
Then each drew off for breath.
Brinus struck twice at Hannus:
The last blow brought him death.
At Lowus brave Gormanius
Darted one fiery thrust,
And the proud Yorker's Tiger's legs
Scratched up an awful dust!

But now the cry is "Ros-Vult!"
And lo! the ranks divide,
As the great Lord of Lions
Comes, as the Cowboys ride!
Before his farsight glasses,
The trophy skin for shield;
And in his right, the rifle bright,
That none so well can wield.

He smiled on those bold Democrats
A smile serene and dry;
He turned to some Republicans
And winked the other eye;

Quoth he: "Old Jackson's litter
 Stands stolidly at bay;
 But will *ye* dare to follow,
 If Ros-Vult leads the way?"

Then, whirling up his rifle,
 He gripped the barrel tight,
 And swung at brave Gormanius
 With all his athlete might.
 By shield and skill, Gormanius
 Right deftly turned the blow.
 It grazed his head, but missed the chin;
 The Reps. all grinned a dry old grin—
 It hadn't laid him low!

He reeled, and on Davillus
 He leaned but second's space;
 Then like the wild-cat Admirals,
 Sprang straight at Ros-Vult's place!
 At teeth and at eyeglasses
 So fierce a thrust he sped,
 The good blade went—its force misspent—
 Three feet above his head!

Then both stepped back and rested,
 To see what next would hap,
 In case some rank Outsider
 Should slip between the scrap.
 "Ye see," cried grim Gormanius,
 "What welcome waits ye here!
 What other Rep. will forward step
 To hunt free lunch and beer?"

Meanwhile, the tried and tricky
 Have worked, behind him, fast;
 The way back to his fellows
 Seems blocked and barred at last:
 "Come back! Come back, Gormanius!"
 In fear, the Leaders call.
 "Come back and quick!"—in chorus—
 "Ere this old ruin fall!"

Alone stood bold Gormanius,
 But quiet was his mind:
 Eight million votes before him,
 But Maryland behind!

Round turned he, as not deigning
 Those serried foes to see:
 Naught sneered he at Foreacus—
 At Hannus, naught sneered he.

But he saw, on *Jocusterra*,
 The White Vote of his home—
 Far from those ways so devious,
 To all the least bit previous
 In reading signs political—
 Where all roads lead to Roam.
 And there knew he was his, once more,
 Sweet rest and softest Seat, galore,
Sans chances outside—critical!

Fair province! where the Terrapin
 Outweighs the Western Shoat;
 In whose blue bay rich Mackerel play,
 Where Reed Birds feed and fat all day;
 Where men know Savarin by rote,
 And business snub to haunt the Club,
 And fancy stocks of Oysters quote,
 To take the stranger in;
 Where women—if not votes—are fair;
 Their voices, through crisp Autumn air,
 Dumbing the Bob White's note!

But he closed eyes and optics
 To siren song of rest.
 Each *eques* now must stand the row:
 Whatever *is* is best!
 "O, Party! Fathers' Party!
 To whom all true Dems. cling,
 To save thee harms, my life and arms
 Into thy flood I fling!"
 So spake he, little recking;
 Grasped the dead Two at his side,
 And, with their millstones 'bout his neck,
 Plunged in the turbid tide!

No sound of joy nor laughter,
 Is heard from either bank:
 Both friends and foes, dumb'd by surprise,
 Stood staring where he sank.



"I lif' my hat, suh, to the mem'ry of a great man: a gentleman
an' a solger—William McKinley." (Page 51.)

But when above the surges,
He raised that stricken pair,
The Dems. read Victory in his eye,
And thought of pap, and dreamed of pie:
Reps. cried: "Ah! there? *Stay there!*"

And now he touches bottom—
With all, now solid stands;
Now, round him press the Leaders
For that vote of Maryland's.
And now, with much hand-shaking—
With vaunt and boasting loud—
They offer him that bag to hold,
And think they do him proud!

Then, in that sad November,
When the Nineteen ends '04,
And the loud-howling beaten ones
Are counted out once more;
When, round the lonely vote-booth
Roars loud the heelers' din,
And the swift-counting registrars
Curse deeper yet within;

To the sucklings of both parties,
On maternal Nation's breast—
In place of pap and malted milk,
To soothe them into rest—
In sorrow, or in laughter,
Will be the story told,
How well Gormanius played at Bridge,
In the close-call days of old.

FINIS (!)

THE TEMPLE OF TRUSTS :

AN ALLE-VERDE-GORY.

AEONS of ages ago, when the Star-Eyed Goddess wore pinafores, and before she had graduated at a Great College Annex, and when Fathers of the Republic knew the Constitution was The Gospel, according to Party need, a Country Constituent halted at the foot of a great Hill.

Now the Fathers are read for The Law and the Profits.

There was a Domed and Winged Temple on the summit of the Hill. The ascent to it was of many steep steps, even for the Elect.

The Constituent had sworn that he would make it, before Starvation, or even Police prevented him. He well knew that the steps were many, and their rises Tough. But he had not ridden thither sitting upon Plush, and looking through Plate Glass. He had come Second Class ; and he was In it.

He had stout calves and he wore No. 11 brogans. He had lost all Luck and all Sense, but he had Never had a Pension, for *that!*

And he had never lost his Grip on his Claim.

"Even if I do bark my shins on the way Up," he kept saying to himself, "there is still some Chance to file an Impossible Petition!"

That was the way this Hayseed Constituent reasoned. He had never had More sense than that. God wot! *that* was little enough.

And now he was on the first Flight to the West Portico. A Veteran Lobbyist met him at the bottom. He muttered to himself:

"Another Blooming Idiot! What *can* they all expect?"

"O! Veteran Lobbyist!" the New Comer cried, "Have I at last reached the wonderful White Temple of Trusts? It has lighted the Dark Corners of Production, and given us Dollar Wheat! It is more Beautiful than Sixteen White Dollars—and harder to get at. I have been trying all my life. But, at last, I am Here!"

The Veteran Lobbyist placed his finger gently beside his Nose.

"Listen!" he said, through a cloud of Porto Rico smoke—"That is not the Temple of Trusts."

"Oh! Then, where is It?"

"The real Bosses are not on Top of the Hill, just now. *They* are on the Dead Level. The Temple of Trusts is in their Back Offices. It is far and away Back in the Narrow Streets."

The Glow on the Constituent's Nose had faded: his knees Smote each other Wabbling. But he contrived to gasp:

"Cannot One file an Ideal Petition here?"

"O! Green Constituent!"

"Not if he have A Great Claim?"

"No; unless he has A Great Pull."

The Hayseeder reeled. The Veteran Lobbyist supported him, and blew Porto Rico Free smoke into his ear. Then The Revived Hope groaned:

"Can one descend the Back Stairs, and find Free Lunch in the Basement?"

"No, not under Reed Rules."

"Then what is the True Name of this Temple?"

"It hath Many names," answered the Other.

"Then will I call it the Temple of Wasted Wind!" shrieked the Constituent.

He turned to Descend, but the Lobbyist seized him by the Coat Tail.

"Hayseeder," he said, "descend to the Dead Level, and tell your Brother Idiots that the Temple of Trusts is in their Very Midst. The Plutocrat may enter it; the Monopolist may enter it; *sometimes* the Politician. But not the Workers who built and Paid for it; though they know not That. They may pass it every day, but its Doors are Closed. There is No Sign. upon It."

"Oh! had I only Known," groaned the Constituent. "Well, a Fool is a Fool."

"Verily," answered the Other. "Do not Linger. Though You are too Green to burn, you may save others from the Fire. Warn your Brethren you meet at the Foot of the Steps. Tell them that they are Plumb Lunatics to Dream that the Temple of Trusts would be set on a High Hill, to be seen of All men! Tell them its Foundations are Deep on the Dead Level, where Your towns are built, and your Farms are Ploughed. They are

Rooted where the Grass grows; where Men and Women are sometimes as green as Grass—or as Dry as hay!

The Constituent essayed to Speak; but he inhaled the Unprotected Porto Rico smoke, and he could Only Gasp.

He began his Descent. He was hungry And Thirsty. He was Sore of foot and had Corns upon his Soul. He had Spent his last Nickel on his Journey to Illusion.

It is probable that upon his Weary journey home, he Subsisted upon Free lunch.

Not all green Constituents Can do Even that. But he had Starved, waiting for a Slice off the Cold Shoulder.



"He's still standin' on the Cross o' Gold, but he is jes' li'ble to let Hendry *have* the Crown o' Thorns!" (Page 31.)

INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT WATTERSON:

A FORECAST BY COLONEL EDGERLY BOWIE, U. C. V.,
OF THAT COMING FUNCTION.

"NO, suh; it is *not* positively settled that President Watterson will appint Colonel Jack Chinn Sec'etary of State."

These were the very words of Colonel Edgerly Bowie, yesterday, in the buffet of the Poker Flats. The Kentucky statesman has a little claim for back tax on whisky, pending in Congress, and occupies a sunny hall-room in that palatial ninth floor. As the Representative of the *Roast* did not reply, he went on:

"You newspaper fellers lie a heap 'bout Hendry, but you *can't* be shore on this pint. W'y, suh, the President is never shore of his own min', that far ahead; and then not consecertive. You ast' w'y I call him President Watterson? W'y, because I regard him a dead shore winner. I wish I was as fixed with a tip on th' nex' Kentucky Darby. The whole Blue Grass regin, suh, is unanermous on that pint! Ther's not one county

in Kentucky—that is one true blue Democratic county—wher' you can't get the long odds on Watterson's election! Out ther, we feel as shore of his bein' President as we did 'bout the late Colonel Bryan, in 1896, suh!

"You see, it's come down to a call, an' ther's only three lef' in the box: Hill, Gorman an' Watterson! Kentucky calls the turn, suh; Hill lef', Watterson on top, an' Gorman—in the box! It's boun' to come. With a Democratic Congress in 1903—an' that' certain—he'll sweep the Boys, in both parties an' in every State!"

The tall and stalwart veteran drew a deep breath into his broad chest. Then he plunged his right hand into his hip pocket, drew out an ugly clasp knife, and snapped it open with a spring. The *Roast* man's blood ran chilly through his veins, until the left hand came from the other hip, with a huge plug of "Navy Scrap." It resumed its normal flow, as the Blue Grass statesman cut off a goodly segment, concealed it under his grizzled mustache, and squirted a small flood into the Chinese cuspidor. Then he resumed, reflectively:

"Well, 'bout ther Cab'net, I ain't dead shore. It's li'ble to be a surprise to Hendry's bes' fren's. Guess you know he has a habit of surprisin' his fren's. But ther is a little Bill already in preparation, to reduce the number of the Cab'net to five, suh! Hendry's fin' it sort o' awkerd handlin' a bigger number than ther is in a full han'! He ain't as young as he was when he edited the

Chattanooga Rebel from hindquarters in a McClellan tree; an' we ole fellers don't take kindly to new tricks. Ah! young gentleman, those *were* glorious days, if we didn't quite carry our pint, suh!"

The filmy old eyes brightened, and the veteran drew up his tall form and towered over the newspaper man, every inch a fighter, as he added:

"I tell you, suh, Hendry an' I rode side by side, behin' Forrest, for many a hot day. He never funk'd, suh. He dunno how! He can stan' more hot an' cold than any live man! He's not only got the stayin' giff', suh; he's got the versatility—by blazes! the chapter-and-versatility! He can cook a better stew, tell a funnier story, brew a stiffer punch, write a wilder editorial, an' play the wors' game o' poker of any man in either army, suh! He lectured agin the Money Devil, when he was hardes' up; an' he's given more *pints* to the Democracy than the whole deck! He's not only a Cavveller, suh; he's all a knight. As he wrote about Tom Bayard: "He's a Night *sand poor, ett sand-poached!*" Pardon my accent, suh; we're mighty little French, out in Blue Grass. *Yes*, suh; Hendry's been hit on his lef' shoulder, by the Sword of Fame, in the han's of men entirely great!"

The old man was jumping the track: a query steadied him:

"Opposition, suh? Of course, ther'll be: a heap of it, but not in the Pivotal State. An' that's

Kentucky, suh! She's still the Dark an' Bloody Groun' of politics, suh; an' no man knows how she's *sot* this tim'! She's filled her Democratic han', suh, an' she's on the slate to be the Mother of Presidents! Young gentleman, you can't reelize the *loads* of presidential timber growin' in my State! Ohio, you say? W'y, she's dead as Virginia in that line. The Ole Dominion was once the Mother of 'em; but that was 'fore th' wah. She was the Grandmother, suh, till Ohio took to bein' Step-mother; but hinged! if Kentucky won't become the Mother-in-Law, suh! Marylan' *mus'* throw down her han', suh. Ther' ain't no beads on Gorman's forred, but he's not in it for a freeze-out with Hendry, an' the Boys behin' him. Jes' wait for our put-up on the nex' majority, now the table's clar for only three players! Marylan' *has* a strong han', but she'll never stan' *our* raise, suh!

"No, New York ain't holdin' cards this tim'. Hill drawed out the game at Kansas City. He laid down to the Gold bluff. 'Sides, Odell an' Platt an' Low are playin' partners 'gin Hill. I ain't sayin' which one holds the han', but none of 'em holds th' Age, suh!

"Colonel Bryan? W'y *he* won't even draw to his lone One, 'nless you deal him a full Sixteen. I rayther guess *he's* busted his partners by bluffin', suh.

"I have a great respec' for Colonel Bryan's heart, suh; but mighty little for his head. As Hendry

says: Bryan's only 'An irrededecent Dream.' He's a back number and none Commoner in our party. He's still standin' on the Cross o' Gold, but he is jes' li'ble to let Hendry *have* the Crown o' Thorns!

"Bryan is a noble man, suh; none nobler: he's a Pat'rot. He talks that way—by Thunder! he'll *talk* any way—but he don't think of himself—all the time. He'd rayther write than be President; an' he fin's it a heap easier, suh. Farmer? W'y, he never will learn the off leader of farmin', tho' he's up on *that*, in politics. He ain't learned the first filosophy of the farm, suh: that the silent sow gets the mos' swill!"

It was suggested here that Mr. Bryan was a dead issue:

"No, suh. He may be dead as a mackrel, but he's an issue, and take that for a tip. He's a mighty live issue, too. I'm dead agin playin' *post mortem* han's myself; but don't you draw to that bobtail idee. Ther's a heap o' people in my sex-shun that ar' still votin' for Jackson; an' they ain't too darned partic'lar if it's Andrer, or Stonewall! Ther's a lot more, out Wes', that's always votin' agin reason an' sense, jes' to be doin'. Them classes is keepin' this dead Bryan warm. I've heard Hendry, in his lectur, tell of a Spanish feller, a Kid somebody, that they strapped on his horse an' rode into a fight, after he was dead. Them fellers that's still votin' for Jackson, have strapped the dead Bryan on his 16 to 1 horse; an' they've tied him to stay, suh! Now, Hendry's

jest as good for 'em as Bryan, but they mayn't think it.

"By the way, it ain't fa'r in you fellers to call us Bourbons all th' time. Ther's a heap o' Rye turned out in my State."

Talk seemed to parch the old man's lips; and the *Roast* man mildly suggested a moistener. The Veteran's eyes grew dreamy, and the wrinkles of Time—deeper creased by his enthusiasm for his chosen candidate—smoothed youthfully. He made no reply, in words. He only threw his quid into his hand, with a gesture that had a benediction in it; tossed the rejected weed into the cuspidor, and turned to the barman, with the soft whisper:

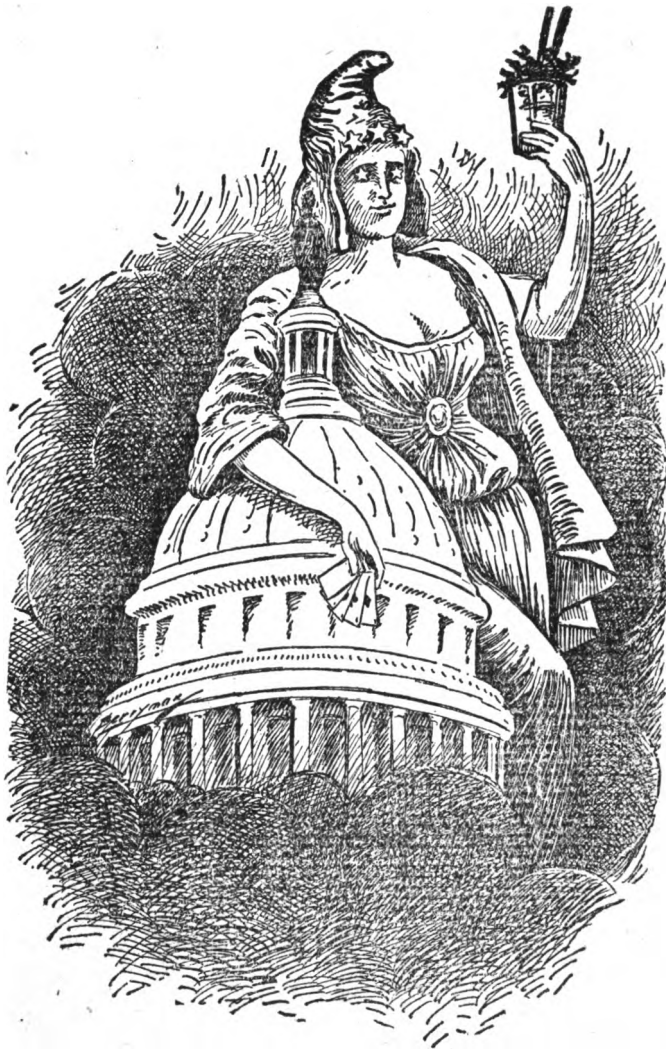
"A glass of clar' water; if you please, suh."

Then he rinsed his mouth, ejected the ignoble fluid, drew from his coat-tail a brown and mighty handkerchief, and rubbed his venerable mustache. As he removed it, a smile like Autumn sunshine moved that adornment; and he said:

"Young gentleman, no man from *my* sexshun ever was known to shirk a soshul dooty. I sho'd have ast' you to jine *me*, suh, but I ca'lessly lef' my wallet in my dress clo's, up stars. We will lick'er, suh!"

The weed of Peace was soaked in the fluid of War; sugar, straws and a small portion of the baser liquid were added. The newspaper man raised his glass and nicked the veteran's, as he proposed:

"The greatest American Journalist and the——"



"The Star-Eyed Goddess will *smile*, suh! March the 4th, 1905, will be red in Washington—scarlet!" (Page 44)

"The President elect!" finished Colonel Edgerly Bowie, in a leonine roar. "Youngster, you've got a great head, suh!"

There was a long, yet still too short, gurgling sound. Then the old man set his empty glass upon the marble; eyeing it with a tender regret, as he again flourished the dingy handkerchief. Then he sighed softly, before he resumed:

"You ast' me if Hendry wrote that letter of Governor Beckham's. That I do'n like to assert, suh. I was out of the State at the time, owin' to a triflin' argument with a Republican fren', on the Goebel shootin'. *My* fren's felt it more discreet for me to visit at a distance, until after the fun'ral, suh. But, if Hendry *did* write that letter, I wish to say, suh, that it's my belief he watered his licker onusual, before he began! But he *has* written mos' everythin' in the State, an' a heap outside of it. W'y he wrote mos' of Grover Clevelan's messages first, in the editorials of the *Courier-Journal*. He gave tips to the Supreme Court, an' coached the Chief Justice, suh, befo' Colonel Bryan set that Institooshun to makin' insulated decisions. W'y, jes' look at the Palmer-Buckner row: Hendry wrote Democratic true blue editorials for Republican papers, and kep' his own off the grass! Versatil, suh? Show me any other editor in that fight, that printed translations of editorials of a German newspaper in his own—befo' they were writ, suh! An' nex' year, he an' Bryan were speakin' for Goebel, from the

same stan'! That's a stroke o' Genius, suh: proof Genius, with no water on the side. It wo'd have surprised the Star-Eyed Goddess herself, in any but a great editor! Ther' ain't another man livin'—since the Great Hermann's death, suh,—that can toss up a silver dollar, an' make it come down gold, like President Watterson!"

The Representative asked here, if the Kentucky veteran had thought of the opposition. His eye flashed, as he replied:

"Let 'em oppose, suh! I've tol' you what I thought of the three mos' named. Ther's no disrespect' to Grover to say he ain't in it with Hendry. If he has n't exacly los' his grip, he's none the stronger for his late cold duckin', suh! You ast' me if Hendry's strong outside ole Blue Grass?

"Strong, suh! He's as strong as a young jack-ass colt, and jes' as frisky. At sixty-four, he sets up to the boys like a two-year-old. He kin lose more sleep and more chips, an' chamber more an' vari's fluids than any man in Kentucky, an' show less har turned for it, than my fren' Colonel Bob Booser, himself. *Whar's* his ekal, suh? Hill? *You* talk of Hill! By gosh! Dave Hill is the buckin' Broncho of the New York machine. He's for Hill first, last an' in the middle, suh. Democrat? Excuse me, suh, but you'll fin' Hell full of jest sich Democrats as David Bucker Hill!"

The *Roast* here ventured that Gorman is the only Democrat who can take his State into the National Convention.

"No, suh: NO," yelled the orator. "Hendry kin take in a state—an' *wot* a state! For horses, fightin' men and beautiful women, suh," he lifted his hat gallantly and spattered his shirt, in the effort to expectorate with one hand—"Yes, suh; for noble mothers and thoroughbred fillies, ol Kentucky lays down her han' to no State in all Pan America, suh! That's the State Hendry'll carry into th' National Convention—and *out* of it! Whar's Gorman an' his little Marylan', suh, 'longside of old Bluegrass? Gorman's a *man*, suh; a man all through. He's a game sport, an' he knows a heap 'bout Baseball an' Republican possum-huntin'; but he ain't in it with the President Wattersen! W'y, suh, if that convention was a ten-passed Jackpot, Hendry could open it on Kentucky, an' stan' pat! I tell you, young gentleman, ther's no man in the State that stan's in with the Boys like him. It puzzles us to know if his best fren's are Democrats, or Republicans.

"He's a free trader for sperrits, an' a protectionist of bobtail flushes. He's open on religious liberty, an' no man is freer of speech. He's a bluffer from way back, an' w'en he shows his han', ther's nothin' in it, suh!"

Here the Representative remarked that some profane paragraphists have made flippant allusion to his——

"His morals! What's morals got to do with politics?"

The old Colonel's brow knit, and he fingered

his clasp knife nervously. The veteran was à cheval, as the French say—"Morals? W'y, suh, between good morals an' bad morals, Hendry's got more morals than any man in America!

"And some of 'em are talkin' of runnin' a Southern man. Hendry's fought for his Southern birthright, suh; he's written for it, sholy as no other has. He's Southern enough for Kentucky, suh; an' he's Northern enough for New York. W'y, ther' ain't a clubman ther, that wouldn't vote for him, quicker 'n Andrer Jackson!"

"It ain't gen'ally known, suh, but Hendry once had a close call from goin' into th' Church. It ain't his fault that he's now President elec', in place o' bein' a Bishop. He was mighty near a call on a Doctor of Divinity han', sev'ral year ago, suh.

"Hendry was orator at one of them 'Commencements' they have in the middle of the school year, at the University of the South. Down at Sewanee, mos' fo'kes is Bishops an' Chance'lers, an' Proctors, an' Doctors o' some thin'. Well, Hendry was called for his sheepskin—they deal 'em by degrees, at Sewanee—an' he marched up that ole Chapel 'ile, as straight as a sequent, an' noble as a fo'th Ace! I tell you, suh, he was the sinnershare of all eyes, on the Old Mountain, that day. He had jes' took th' lead from Colonel Bryan, an' made the 'Speech that'll live in Hist'ry.' The cap'n of th' Football team an' the Dean warn't a pair o'

Deuces to the Kentucky Boy, callin' for one little Degree to his squeeze!

"Then the ole Chanc'ler began dealin' in Latin, suh; an' all the Bishops an' Doctors that knew wot he was sayin', jes' waited wond'rin'. That Latin, suh, come within exac'ly two little spots of takin' Hendry's pile. Two more words*—an' he'd 'a been Doctor of Divinity, 'stead o' Doctor-in-Law! *Then*, trace-chains an' steers couldn't 'a pulled him from bein' a Bishop! That's Kentucky's way, suh! And that was at the greatest University in the South!

"Now, talk 'bout a 'Southern man for President!' Don't that make *him* the ideal Southern candid'te? Let 'em lay down to th' call; or show me another opener for the Presidenti'l jackpot, that jes' escapt being D.D., by two little spots on his sequent flush!"

To a hint about the Republicans, the Blue Grasser broke in:

"*Oddy profane 'em vulgar!* as Hendry writes it. Excuse me, suh, but *damn* the Republicans. Ther' po' W'ite trash, an' not to be consider'd, in our calkilations. That was the way we look'd at it in 1896, and agin in 1900. Mark Hanna don't own Kentucky, suh; an' Roosevelt ain't makin' *us* judges in ole Blue Grass. Let 'em paddle ther own canoe; an', by th' Eternal! we'll stick to Hendry, sink or swim!

"Then, young gentleman, jes' think of that In-

* Actual fact; and on record at Sewanee.

auguration—w'en we elec' President Watterson!"

He strode the palatial six feet square of buffet, apparently in high feather; ejecting streams of ambier, and missing the cuspidor in emphasis:

"Jes' *think* of it! *That* will be a lesson for the world to copy! I'm a blamed sorry the Coronation is to get the call on it. Hendry'd be able to give Albert the Seventh pints on it, suh. He went over to London to do it, some time ago; but somehow, it didn't act jes' then. I guess Hendry set in a trifle too much with Labby. But it will be a different deal, w'en he's President, suh. *Truth* won't be a hill o' beans to the *Courier-Journal* then! with a private wire runnin' direc' into the W'ite House! And mem'ries of that Inauguration will shine through all the dust, gathered sence Buchanan's time. Ther's sholy need of a new broom, roun' that House, suh.

"Think of 100,000 unarmed patriots at once, marchin' out of Kentucky, to see that ther's no shenannigin', *this* time. I s'pose you know Hendry lost the presidency once befo', from shenannigin'? No; well, he *did*. He's the legal hair of ole Sammy Tilden. Sammy won the Cheer, fa'r an' squar' on a show down. He *had* it, suh—by one spot on his sequent flush! He didn't get that pot; but he lef' it to Hendry, suh, an' *he* 'll set in that Cheer, if ther's any sech thing lef' as a hones' deal! If he wins, ther's the 100,000 ready to put him in the Cheer—an' hold him down!



My name is Politics! Let Us lead On to the Incandescent Chamber!" (Page 54.)

"But that show on President Watterson's Inauguration's goin' to be the fines' on earth, suh. Jes' imagin' the whole Unterrified Democracy in biled shirts an' wearin' Kentucky badges! Ther'll be no Army an' Navy parade, for fear of scraps among the high commanders, but the rank an' file of Freedom will line th' Avenoo, suh; an' the President will ride through joyful winners, singin' 'She was Kentucky's Faires' Daughter,' as the Star-Eyed Goddess rolls along, in a great triumphal car, decoratid with Blue Grass an' Terbacker! Ther'll be delegations from ev'ry social club on this Continent, suh. The ban's will play, 'Ther' Bloom upon the Rye.' That song will become the National anthem. It's congeen'al, suh. It was written by Highball, an' the music composed by a Bishop, whose front name was Hendry! Then the President will speak from the Eas' porch; an' he'll tell more about Abe Lincoln than Col. Jack Hay begins to know.

"We're goin' to make the national flower Mint, suh! The late President is supposed to have wanted the Red Carnation. Colonel Roosevelt came mighty near to makin' it the Black Damnation; but we'll make it Mint! That's the nobles' herb that God blesses man with! Talk of your 4-leaf Clover—why ther's more luck under a 3-leaf Mint than all the puraries ever'll raise in clover!

"By the way, I'm goin' to stan' for Congress in my deestic'. I mean to interjuice a bill for that reduction of the Cab'net to the familiar Five, suh.

An' I'm drawin' another to extend the Pension blessin', suh. Every vet'ran who has played Poker for forty years, and can give a certificat' of pocket disability in the National Game, is to have one-half his losses paid back to him, out of the Treasury surplus!

"On Inauguration night the President will be serenaded by ban's playin' variations on 'Kentucky Babe!' an' 'I am a Pirate King.'

"Yes, suh; the Star-Eyed Goddess will *smile!* The 4th March, 1905, will be red in Washin'ton, suh—scarlet!

The speaker strode across the floor; peered absently through the soap-laced windowlet into the street above; consulted the cuspidor once more, and resumed:

"The social side? By Jing! suh, the social side will bloom like a Terbacker plant w'en President Watterson is in the W'ite House. Oh, yes; he's li'ble to hol' to that name. It's pop'lar, and don't soun' hifalutin' like Executiv', in ears of th' plain people. He'll call it the W'ite House, an' he'll stick to his color, suh! His visitors will be all of the same suit; no black aces for Hendry! He'll hold a flush of W'ite courts, suh; an' he'll play it for all it's wuth! He's shore to have the *stuff* behin' him as 'll win, suh! No, he won't draw the color line; that is already drawed. But Hendry'll fill to it, suh; don't you doubt. He's li'ble to fill, an' has a way of stickin' to his color—if the Black wins nineteen times runnin'.

Ther'll be no dinner exper'ments in President Watterson's W'ite House. You can bet on that tip, suh. I guess th' dinner servic' will be red, for he never *was* fon' of backin' the Black. As for station'ry, w'y he may keep on usin' the new kin'; but ther'll be no black border roun' it—not *once*!

"Yes, suh; the social side is *boun'* to be lively. The President has his own patent for whoopin' up the social side. You've heard so? Well, it's correc'. The Fav'rit' will win, then, every time!

"Ther's goin' to be a heap o' choice sperrits at the W'ite House, when the bloomin' flower of ole Blue Grass flows aroun' the bored! My ole an' deceased fren', Colonel Dave Crockett, remarked that Andrer Jackson was the polites' man in the worl', becaus' he set the decanter on the sideboard, walked to the winder, an' looked down the Av'noo. Gad! suh, Hendry warn't ever known to set it down nowhar! He'll *hold* it, suh, an' pour with the preserdent'al right han' for evvery gues'. No, suh! NO! I tol' you they'd all be of one color. If any pop-eyed black *Savang* comes creepin' into the game, he's li'ble to buck agin a flush o' Clubs, shore!"

Colonel Bowie checked up suddenly:

"Don't misunderstan' me, young gentleman. I ain't bein' interv'ewed for your paper. I'm like Hendry: *he* ain't interv'ewed, ever. He always writes out what he knows is bes', at the time, an' tells 'em to print that. W'en I have more tim',

suh, if you wish one, it will be a pleasure to have Hendry write it for me.

"An' don't misunderstan' my feelin' about the Niggers, suh. In my belief, an' for his own good, the bes' thing to do with the Nigger is to kill him! Oh, no! I don't mean pussonally, suh! I'm as dead sot agin lynchin' as any pesky Yankee of 'em all. That's the coward's way of fightin' an ugly trouble, suh! A roas' Nigger smells as bad to a gentleman's nose, suh, as he does at the foot of God's Footstool! So w'en I say kill him, I mean politically: with the hones' ballot, suh; not the shot-gun an' the pine torch. In *that*, ther's many a bluebellied feller that'll jine us. Ther as sick of the o'drifrous thing, suh, as we are. An' that weaknes' of the Nort'n stomach's wot has drawed the teeth of the new Constertuti'ns for the Sollid ole South! It's a straight tip that Hanna an' Lodge, an' all the bes' brains of t'other party jes' lay low, Brer Rabbit, an' laff'd at the Gran'father's claws. They said 'bout this: Let 'em alone. The nigger smells as bad to us as he does to them; an' he looks a trifle blacker. If they choose to scratch the Nigger with their gran'-fathers' claws, the're doin' it at their own resk!"

The Veteran's rugged face softened, and the tenderness of far-back reminiscence gleamed from beneath his shaggy eyebrows:

"Hate the Nigger pussonally, suh? W'y, young gentleman, I was nussed by a Nigger Mammy—God bless her! I *love* that ole Lady's mem'ry;

an' she *was* a Lady, with golden heart, suh! I 'rastled with her boys, w'en I was little. In th' wah the faithfulles' fren' Hendry an' me had was a nigger cook: the damndes' cowa'd, suh, but the bes' forager, in all Bragg's army! No! suh. I *love* the Nigger, in his place; but his place ain't in politics, or at—the dinner table! God made him, suh, to stan' *behin'* the cheer; not to sit in it; an' wot God makes, man better quit monkey-in' with, if he knows wot's bes' for him!

"Another thing, young gentleman: ther'll be no cantin', bluebellied Yanks at the White House, w'en we've inaugurated President Watterson. Agin, I beg you won't misunderstan' me. I have—as you have perceeved—no sort of pregerjuice, either of race, or color. Few men that were in front, in 1861, *have*, suh. We love the true Blues that stood up for their Flag, as we did for ours. But, suh, we hate the mean political skunks that come a-tradin' on the graves of ther dead brethr'n! I ain't sayin' that my fren', Private John Allen is ornamental; or useful—all the time; but he keeps hammerin' at jokes, till he hits the nail of Truth squar' on the head, now an' then. John ans'ered a naggin' Congressman: 'Yes; we *have* forgiv'n the brave men that fought us, but *not* the cowa'ds that stayed home, an' sicked 'em on!' That's jes' w'ere I stan', suh. That's jes' w'ere Hendry stan's—an' ev'ry other ole boy that was in it!"

The grand old man held out a strong, brown

hand. It was shaken cordially, and with respect. The *Roast* Representative turned away, about to leave; but curiosity detained him. Colonel Edgerly Bowie was leaning far over the counter, whispering rapidly and earnestly into the barman's ear. Then he turned, ruddy and beaming, as that Pluvial Jove nodded a cheery affirmative, to his confidential query:

"Jes' now, young gentleman, you extended your hospitality to me. Now, suh, I beg you will do me the honah to lick with me!"

Again the great guns of inebriety were loaded. "The National flower" was rammed home, the "villainous saltpeter" of a *liqueur* was run in; and two tall straws gave deadly barrel to the weapons. The Colonel grasped his with tender clasp; inhaling the aroma with a lover's smile. The *Roast* man dressed right on the Veteran, and prepared to fire. Then he stood dumb with amazement. The old man set the untasted goblet on the counter, and stood at "Attention!". Gravely he said:

"Jes' now, suh' you were courcheus enough to toas' the greatest Journalis' this lan' has yet perjuiced. A w'ile later, I said the Republicans were po' W'ite trash. I'm not of takin'-water stock; suh; but I *do* make exceptions. Ther's one Republican that all men, in all parties, respec' an' love, suh! Young gentleman, permit me to offer the toas'." He raised his broad felt hat with one hand; giving the officer's salute with the other, as it reached for the julep:

"I lif' my hat to the mem'ry of a great man, suh; a solger an' a gentleman—William McKinley!"

Then—the last soft gurgle faded into gloomy nothingness—the Blue Grass statesman once more held out fraternal hand:

"Glad to 'a met you, suh. You're a clever young feller, an' I hope they'll make you an Editor, suh, like Hendry. I hope you may be President some day. In this great Republic of our'n, ev'ry man has a chance. You've got as much chance, suh, as Hendry!"

HONESTY AND VENALITY:

A PAR-ALLEL-ABLE.

HONESTY and Venality passed from this Upper-Crust Earth, by the Kitchen Stairs, and found themselves in a Hotter Land.

They travelled on Free Passes, for it was prior to the second January of the Twentieth Century. Neither were they Grievously Troubled by any Infernal baggage Smasher.

Venality still wore the Diaphanous gauze Net she had acted in, during her Long Run at Life's Polite Vaudeville theatre. Through it, still showed the Brass Spangles on her Real Tights. Elasticity radiated from her Calves; Rouge and a Set Smile on her face, as she felt she Had Deserved all the Tips, small Bottles, and Hot Birds, booked up to Date.

Honesty's form was Bowed and Not Beautiful. No gauze net enveloped It: no Spangles of Brass. Her Face was unpainted, and Unwashed: her Calves shinbony and Cramp-furrowed. She was a Pure old Thing, but she never set A Smile to catch a Gudgeon: she had lost her Teeth, with her Agility, Ages Ago.

They stood Together, those two, in the South West Levee-room of the White-Hot House.

They were Awaiting Audience with the President of the Pan-Infernal Republics. A Bent and billiard ball-ed Headed old man Shambled up, from the first Row, and Asked their Names. He had been Through many Campaigns, but All the Fat had not been Fried out of him.

"I am Venality," that Young female replied, with a Pert Titter. She pointed to her Spangles.

He gnashed his Gums. Then he mumbled thickly:

"Aha! be not too Secure in Your name. Things go by Opposites in This Land. Remember. Here we are Standing on our Heads, and our Feet Point towards the Capital City on the Upper Crust. Here, All Things are Reversed. What you Call Venality on the Upper Crust, we See as Honesty, down Here. Note those two men Toasting Together. The Well-browned one was accounted A Good Man, in your world: the One Underdone was a Bad Accountant. The good man Came Out Short, as treasurer for a Church Fair: the bad accountant was Fixed by His Bondsmen."

Venality giggled and Winked at him; but she Shivered, though It was Quite warm.

"This seems Singular to you, eh?" the Old Clubman rambled on. "Oh, it is Nothing to what You will Learn in The Hotter Land. That Statesman yonder, you Consider Trust-Worthy on the Upper Crust. When he Turns next time see How his undercrust Is Done, now. Here we know that he was only Worthy of A Trust."

"My!" the Pert young female panted, Fanning herself with Her Gauze.

"We chose as Our Poet-Laureate the wretch who wrote 'McGinty!' yet the Upper Crust scoffed At Him. And these Thorn-Apple flowers"—he handed Her his *Boutonniere* with a Senile and gummy Smilelet—"In Our climate, they Have a Fragrant Charm. Your World turns its Nose Up at them, save where you Pluck them for Ointment!"

The Aged Beau turned To Wipe Away a Boiling Tear, that was tickling his Ruddy Nose. Then he turned, More Gently, to Honesty. She was Shivering and drawing her Faded Shawl about her Thin Limbs.

"And your Name?" he asked Shrewdly; though his Tatters showed that, in the Upper Crust, he Must have Known Her.

"I—I am Honesty," she answered, in Shame and in Contrition.

"A-ha!" he Chuckled. "You are the Girl we're Waiting for!" He tucked his Tattered sleeve under her Elbow—leading the Old Thing, dude-like. "Come with me: I'll present you. Venality Can Follow Us, with the Pie-crusted Statesman. You are Venality Now! I have been Searching for you Centuries—all through the Pan-Infernal Republics. I am your Long-Lost Grand-daddy, and My name is Politics! Let Us lead On to the Incandescent Chamber!"

She, whom the world had called Honesty, felt

That was the Best Policy. She lifted her Bent Form; kicking with Delight at the Tickling of her Transmigration. And, with that Kick, She Recovered Elasticity and Youth. Her Calves were no longer Cramped, and her Face was Painted by Infernal Hope!

"But what of Her?" she asked of her Long-Lost grand-daddy. "Must Venality be Left behind?"

"Oh! She's All Right," he Whispered Gulpily. "The Statesman is Looking Out for Her. We'll see her Later!"

Then he conducted Her of the New Name to the Door of the Incandescent Chamber. It swung Wide when a Warm Thing in Ushers called Her Name. And The Pan-President Rose from his Red-Hot Chair, to Welcome Her. And He said:

"O! Honored and Much-sought Worker! you have Not come to Stay. I will have the pan-Hellenic Congress pass a Fat Appropriation for Your Relief: but we still Need You in the Upper-Crust. Now you Know your Real Name, Do not heed, A Little Bit, what the world may Call you. Go Up, and Work as Never you worked Before! But This time, Take with you, as Secretary-General, that little Unconquerable Cheek!"

She went Back on the Upper-Crust; taking with her, as the Pan-President had ordered, that Indispensable Secretary-General, Unconquerable Cheek. And, Ever since, the Old Girl, with the New Knowledge, has been strictly In It.

GREAT-BORE WAR CORRESPONDENT

TALKS OF HIMSELF AND A FEW SMALLER THINGS,
EXCLUSIVELY TO THE ROAST REPRESENTATIVE.

Jingoe Hedde-Lyner, Esquire, the world-famous Bore-War Correspondent, is occupying a palatial *two-de-suite* at the Barlington; *both* rooms being crammed with objects of that virtue collected by this eminent producer, in his globe-covering trots. When the Representative of the *Roast* steamed up in his autobarrow, Mr. Hedde-Lyner was just stepping into his *cart-de-visite*, to dine at the Sulu embassy. He was just out of his self-invented Russian bath of boiling suet, and appeared remarkably smooth and well-groomed. Indeed he seemed younger than Anna Held; thus proving the advantage of "fat-takes" over any other hot stuff—or even skim-milk. He was exceedingly courteous and affable—though, as usual, taciturn and introspective—despite a horde of male and female interviewers, going for him, in every rapid way. But the *Roast* man, as ever, got there. Mr. Hedde-Lyner reached eagerly for *his* card, as he towered over the whole school of small fry, like Gulliver above the Lilliputians!

The Great Correspondent was in full and Parisian evening dress, with a large Suit-Case in hand. Noticing the glance toward that, he said:

"My native costume. There is a little funkton in my honor, to-night, and I always carry the dress of these new Americans. It costs nothing and assimilates them more benevolently. Su'u can wait. He dines at 12 sharp; but I can hold his stew a half hour, to serve your *Roast*. It has always seemed so rare to me."

He drew out the magnificent Tagal-hunting watch, presented to him by General Fuxton, after he captured Aguinaldo. It is upon this watch that the Great Correspondent always stands, when on a war transport. Then he set down his Suit-Case; and the *Roast* noted that it was covered with more labels and hotel tags than the owner has admirers; and some of them quite fresh.

"You desire to know something about myself? Well, proceed; or better, *I* will." He caught the glance at his Suit-Case, and smiled, in his own dignified and restrained fashion.—"Yes, I have been about everywhere and done about everything. Absurd comparative analyses have attempted parallels between His Celestuality, Wu Ting Fang, and myself. This is as absurd, as it is unjust to us—both.

"I can best the Chinaman in any 24-foot talking ring on earth; Marquis of Lincoln Rules! Granted that he *does* know everything. So do *I*. But the *écru* pundit only talks about them—*tandem*, I confess—while I *do* them! You have read my record in all the great dailies of all the world; and——"

Another, quick but equally graceful, query cut off the impending flow: and he switched in his ever-lucid and simple style:

"No; I cannot precisely aver that I have absolutely empowered the Attorney General to proceed to press immediate suit against the Incumbent Executive, *propria persona*—in his own particular person. There has been, I may say, unlimited tergiversation in the daily—in fact in all the—press, regarding this legal, and yet more moral difference. This, I may add, is equally unseemly, unnecessary, and unwarranted by the facts of the lately existent partially strained relations. Theodore—I call him so, because I have fought beside him, and in front of him: Theodore, as you may possibly be aware, has indited and procured to be published, a light *brochure* upon the political and the military aspects of one Oliver Cromwell, now dead. With the political portions I have no quarrel. It was the military inaccuracy that excited my too sensitive susceptibilities.

"This trifling essay was uttered by a respectable and pecunious house; and the freshness and truly *naïve* nature of the skit—which was considerably localized—gave it some inconsiderable vogue. By freshness, I do not desire to be quoted as meaning absolute and syllabubical frothiness. *Exempli gratia*, I would not compare it critically with 'The Sorrows of Satan,' or Mr. Benton's 'Thirty Years in the Senate.' It is less my purpose to convey

that the author was fresh, than that some of his statements were.

"Now, as you may have heard, I do not write history myself, I *make* it! I can always manufacture facts more interesting than any I can find ready prepared by circumstances. You might attempt to combat this premise by the asseveration that ready-prepared facts are liable to be stale; and that, therefore, *my* facts—like Theodore's—could be 'fresh.' I confess they are not. They are, so to word it, the corned-beef of statement. But I distinctly aver that they were never—embalmed!

"Well, in the course of his *brochure*, not intentionally, possibly—for on closer consideration of the print, I find no such statement made in definitive verbiage but rather inferentially, by contextual implication: I say, in *some* way, the present President has impli-stated that this Oliver Cromwell was a greater Bore-war-correspondent than any other, before or since. Naturally this inference was excruciatingly hurtful to my *amour propre*, of which I possess an infinitesimal modicum in my composition. It is—I refer to *amour propre*, and not to my composition—the purest and greatest Gift of God! Still it is, under undue and needless abrasion, liable to irritation. It is the mucous membrane of mind. Irritation, as you may have heard, is the germiniferous parent of inflammation. By anatomical comparison, I might style *amour propre* the Vermiform Appendix of character.

"But this is slight digression from the direct *trek* of reply. I was speaking of Theodore; not of myself, as you perceive. If you know me—and most journalistic collaborators in this country, indeed in all countries, seem to do so pretty thoroughly—you will recall how rarely I speak of myself. I may say, however, that I have been everywhere, several times; and have done everything, over and over. That would not condone self illustration, in the considering of others as merely common potter's clay, from The Maker's hand, while He had reserved for me monopolistic manufacture from the genuine petuntz. No, there is nothing monopolistic in my composition. I do not want the earth. Two continents are ample for *Me*! I hope I am lucid?

"As glass," the *Roast* man assented. Then he hinted for more about the suit in the Case.

"There is *no* Suit, to speak in coldly correct phraseology: no suit at common law, or uncommon profits. Indeed, every origin, point and procedure in this *Cause Celebre* is more uncommon, and presumably less profitable, than any you have heard of. Theodore — I do not claim that *I* made him president: his own combative intellectuality and a concatenation of contingent animosities combined to do that for him. But *I* made him famous. Theodore, in all combative regards, is one man in 10,000! Naturally, I hesitate to say what my decimal appreciation should be. Therefore, when Theodore even *inferred* that his

defunct Oliver Cromwell was a greater Bore correspondent than any other, I relucted! He *knew* that *I* had been in Cuba, at Manila, in China through the Sacred City. He must have known—if he studies the history of his era in journalistic embalmment—that *I* corrected Shafter's plans, gave the tip to Oom Paul about Bryan, and paddled my own canoe far in advance of Dewey, in Manila bay! Be careful in whatever praiseful words you may write of me, not to say that I claim to have shared any of Rich Hobson's glory. Most of that, subsequent to his peerless feat on the Merrimac—claimed by that prize Admiral Sampson—has been purely labial. I say *purely*, advisedly.

"Theodore should have known these trifling achievements of mine, in war. What I have brought to accomplishment for Peace, need I state? *Who* was it proposed the Washington Peace Jubilee? *I* do not claim to have suggested to the Czar his peace Congress—as I might. Did the Kaiser go to his Grandmother's funeral, unprompted? When a certain Exalted Personage gave up baccarat and *café chantant* girls, I was in London! Even now I am writing an Open Letter—and the open letter is the lever that would move the world, had it but a fulcrum—to the crowned heads of Europe, the grand Dukes of Germany, Cecil Rhodes, and the Presidents of the Pan-American Republics, if they do not change their post-offices meantime—calling a World Con-

gress at Bladensburg to settle the meaning of Reciprocity!

"But why reiterate truths that have child's-primer recognition? Theodore should have known a vast agglomeration of things, and his comprehension of *some* of them is now proceeding with most discomfoting acceleration. Hence, when he hinted that one Oliver Cromwell was the greatest Bore, etc., etc., I felt a sensitive repugnance to a mute recumbence in the vaguest shadow of accusational implication. I felt it due to a reputation, to which all readers of two continents cling as a priceless heritage, that I should at once inflict momentary chastisement on the disseminator of such semi-allegations. I wrote to the late Secretary of the Treasury, suggesting that about one million was the proper embrocation for such needless irritation of my mental vermiform appendix. The administration served up the apple seed of inferential defamation, and the membrane responded to its non-digestibility!

"Inflammation of the mental vermiform appendix is fatal, in 999 cases out of 1,000. A million was little enough, considering the surplus?"

The Ambassador of the *Roast* agreed that Mr. Hedde-Lyner was dead right; and asked did he get it?

"Not exactly — in the gross form you might think," was the soft reply. "But I did equally as well, for all purposes of revivification. My name, as you know, has long been a household

word. Now, it will be translated from the household—*diplomotionally!* Theodore, I knew to be farsighted. He is a judge of men; he sent for *me*, and I dined—But I am treading on delicate ground. *Bref*, we compromised: Gage went out of the cabinet. This dinner to-night is another of the *sequelæ*: I am to go as *the first*——”

Mr. Hedde-Lyner bent his handsome head down to the reporter's level. He whispered rapidly:

“Absolutely confidential, and not for print; but I am——”

“Minister to Samar!” echoed the *Roast* man faintly. He was assisted to his *auto*. Mr. Hedde-Lyner mounted his *cart-de-visite*, and rattled Suluward.

AFTER-WORDS.



THE INSPIRATION AND THE AUTHOR,
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